

Necropolis 1831

Chapter 1831: Immortals of the Chief Worlds

Lu Yun didn't feel like he was exploiting the masses. Everyone who walked into the Wind and Cloud Pagoda could afford the Resurrection Talisman. They were the richest magnates in the chief worlds.

Since more than eighty percent of them viewed Lu Yun as the enemy, it would be a disservice to himself and the fourth realm if he didn't take them for all he was worth!

Although he was a minor character, these personages gave him due consideration because he was situated in the Land of Reincarnation and owned its most precious treasure. Any powerhouse that could loftily survey the chief worlds would take each of their opponents seriously. They would bring their full force to bear even against only an ant.

Lu Yun had quietly slipped into the chief worlds. No one was aware of his presence other than Lu Feng. Chu Xingran didn't know either—he remained completely in the dark that Lu Yun was already headed to the Firmament Prison to save his primary body.

On this trip, Lu Yun utilized the Shapeshifting death art to hide himself. Due to the formation of the origin hell and subsequent full release of reincarnation from the Tome of Life and Death, the death arts reached a state of great perfection. Shapeshifting and Size Manipulation no longer gave off the ripples of combat arts and could flawlessly conceal their wielder.

He currently appeared as a buff young man. Muscles rippled over his frame and his features were roughly hewn—a far cry from the reedy, frail young man that he'd presented before. His weapon was a pair of great axes that he'd specifically practiced for the occasion and reached great proficiency with.

Now at twenty-four levels of sequence, cultivators like him lined the streets of the chief worlds. He was completely unremarkable and didn't need a plausible identity for his presence. The outside realm was so vast that apart from the particularly notable names—such as Ao Qin, Jiang Kui, other peerless geniuses and experts—ordinary cultivators rarely left traces of themselves.

The overall layout of the chief worlds was extraordinarily similar to the fourth realm. Countless worlds or stars floated in an endless void. There was heaven and earth here—the ultimate product of order, so this realm was called the chief worlds.

Order no longer required anything for support once the true power of heaven and earth coalesced. Where there was heaven and earth, there was order.

This realm gave Lu Yun the feeling of a fish returning to water. He could freely swim in every direction and travel completely unimpeded. His strength was double what it was in the Land of Reincarnation!

No wonder their geniuses seem so off when they first enter the land. Their strength is constrained by the incomplete worlds.

He was no longer worried about his home after the origin hell was complete. He could return to hell at any time and set foot back into the fourth realm. Powerhouses of the chief worlds didn't dare march en masse on the fourth realm—but not because of Lu Yun. He was just prey in their eyes.

They feared Hongjun, Pangu, God, and the others who'd once illuminated the chief worlds. It didn't matter whether or not Lu Yun was in the fourth realm.

Other than that, Lu Yun discovered that he was unable to incorporate Ruina into hell after he formed the origin hell. Although the five Ruinas were now part of hell and formed the five Ruina Seas within the underworld, there was still a distinct line drawn between the two. They weren't fully melded into one.

Both Mo Yi and Lin Mo could do nothing about the situation. Only the Firmament Prison could command Ruina to fully become part of hell.

Lu Yun had thought that Ruina and the Firmament Prison were branches of hell, but that didn't seem to be the case anymore. Although they shared similar attributes, they were not branches of hell. As existences beneath reincarnation, the three were similarly positioned in the hierarchy of power.

Although the two locales were named differently from hell, all three were essentially hell. Hell was the medium for reincarnation; the power of reincarnation in Ruina and the Firmament Prison also came from hell, giving rise to the misconception that the two were subservient to hell.

And since they were separate entities that didn't share the exact same attributes, the power of reincarnation within the three evolved in different directions. Thus, they were vastly different from each other. Hell dao was truly complete only when they were one.

The hell dao that Lu Yun cultivated now was the original and most primitive hell dao. It could grow only when Ruina and the Firmament Prison were incorporated into it. He might even be able to unlock the secrets of the Tome of Life and Death when he drew on all three hells. That was the greatest mystery that yet lingered in his heart.

His trip to the Firmament Prison wasn't for its core essence or to repair it, but to simply take a look around and save Chu Xingran and Xie Tianxun.

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Lu Yun was in a major world called Huangpang. This was a major stopping point on the way to the Firmament Prison, an ideal location for him to resupply and take stock of his current condition.

"Hmm?" Something entered his range of perception and he turned to look diagonally behind him.

A young man in a white shirt soared by in a long streak of sword light. This was the sword riding art of immortal dao!

An immortal?

Lu Yun's jaw dropped and he rubbed his eyes. That was indeed the ripples of immortal dao on the young man... one who'd accessed eighteen levels of sequence.

An immortal from the fourth realm? Someone who left through Mount Astronomia?

Local powerhouses had sealed off that vicinity in order to prevent traitors from running off to the chief worlds with fourth realm treasures. Outsiders and locals alike were prevented from using the door outside the mountain. Even if one had already defected, they could at most enter New Nihil Homeland or Nihil Homeland. They were strictly forbidden from traveling to the chief worlds.

The taboo had not been lifted even when New Nihil Homeland and Nihil Homeland's bloody war raged. Thus, Lu Yun was taken aback to see an immortal out in the open.

Was there immortal dao in the chief worlds? That was news to him!

"Congratulations on achieving new mastery in your dao, Yu Jiang!" someone on the ground called out to the immortal.

"Call me Sword Immortal Yu Jiang!" He stopped with a look of pride on his face. "I cultivated immortal dao only for the mysterious formula dao at first, but once I was initiated into it, I found that it encompasses all sorts of dao. It's far superior to the great dao that I cultivated before!"

"I'm more than three times stronger than my old self after accessing immortal dao sequence!"

"What? Really?!" More people beneath him joined the conversation when they heard this. "You're making things up to drag us in with you! You want others to suffer too just because you jumped into a trap!"

"That's right! The immortal dao comes from the Disintegrated Land, a place so remote that birds won't shit in it! How is it as marvelous as you say? And three times stronger than before? You're three times dumber than before!"

"Hahahahaha!!" Raucous laughter rose from the crowd.

"Why would anyone cultivate immortal dao if they're not dumb?" someone snorted.

"Fight me then! You'll know soon enough if I'm stronger now!"

Whoosh!

A white longsword appeared in Yu Jiang's hand.

"Come on! Anyone on the same eighteen levels as me can challenge me. I'll give you one hundred enigma stones if I lose!" he roared in the air.

Chapter 1832: Wanfeng's Ambition

The refined and elegant demeanor that the young man carried himself with vanished upon his shout.

"But if you lose, you have to forfeit one hundred enigma stones! How about it?" Yu Jiang drifted to the ground and cackled at the cultivators around him.

"Pfft, you just want to scam us out of enigma stones. And one hundred of them! Go rob someone, it's faster!" they jeered back at him.

"So you're just pussies!" Yu Jiang scoffed. "I cultivate immortal dao and have set foot into immortal dao sequence. I am an immortal now. None of you were my match before and none of you can fight me now!"

Although Huangpang was a major world, plenty of its denizens were cultivators down on their luck—Yu Jiang was one of them. Cultivators fallen on hard times most ardently desired strength and enigma stones.

Not only did the outside realm's geniuses head to the Land of Reincarnation after word got out that it was open, but so did faction-less cultivators drifting through life—like Yu Jiang—seek to strike it rich.

In the latter's eyes, although it was the Disintegrated Land, the Discarded Land, there must be numerous opportunities within if so many people of note were headed for it.

When Yu Jiang finally made it into the land, he arrived just in time to experience the war between New Nihil Homeland and Nihil Homeland. He was only eighteen levels sequence—a level that allowed him to throw his weight around the natives, but barely made him different from an ant in the chief worlds.

A large number of supremes kept themselves out of the war when it raged. They weren't interested in the land's treasures either—it was formula dao that attracted them. But to practice formula dao, one had to cultivate immortal dao. These supremes had long exceeded sequence and basked in their own dao for countless eons. It was almost impossible for them to relinquish their great dao in favor of immortal dao.

Thus, they offered high bounties for chief world cultivators to switch to immortal dao and probe the secrets of formula dao. Anyone who did so and progressed to the point of moderate proficiency in formula dao would receive hefty compensation.

Cultivators from large factions naturally refused to walk a different path, but the temptation proved irresistible to run-down cultivators such as Yu Jiang. They gave up their own dao to walk the way of immortal dao.

There were many who chose to make the change of direction, which eventually meant that there was a fair number of immortals in the chief worlds too.

Yu Jiang's talent in immortal dao was inordinately strong; he metamorphosed his previous sequence into immortal dao sequence after a short period of time. While his strength increased rapidly, the supremes discarded him when he proved to have no talent in formula dao. Thus, he returned home to Huangpang with his newfound riches, establishing a small sect of immortal dao with the enigma stones he'd earned in the meantime.

There were only a few members of his nameless sect and greatness was the most unattainable thing in their future. These days, Yu Jiang busied himself with flying around on his sword to demonstrate the might of immortal dao, swindling some enigma stones from the unsuspecting, and attempting to recruit new disciples. He wanted immortal dao to take root and flourish in Huangpang.

Daos and their subcategories abounded in the chief worlds—one wasn't persecuted for the kind of great dao they practiced. However, the chief worlds at large looked down on immortal dao since it originated from the much-storied Disintegrated Land, Discarded Land.

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"Oh no, we would never dare! Everyone knows that you're good at fighting! Sparring with Yu Jiang is just making trouble for ourselves!" the crowd roared with laughter. There were no takers for his challenge.

"How about this. Nineteenth or twentieth level sequence cultivators can fight me too!" Yu Jiang upped the ante with slight reluctance. "If you beat me, I'll give you a thousand stones. If you lose, you must join my Immortal Sect!"

Since his sect was yet to gain an official name, he called it the Immortal Sect for now.

“A thousand stones? Truly?” A nineteenth level sequence cultivator had trouble sitting still given the increased reward.

Huangpang wasn't a strong world and most of its residents were unimportant figures outside of mainstream society. One thousand enigma stones was an enormous sum. Thus, some people bounced on the balls of their feet after Yu Jiang's latest words.

“Do we also have to switch to immortal dao if we lose to you?” the speaker hesitated.

“You're nineteenth level sequence. If you lose to me at eighteen levels, that means your great dao is less than my immortal dao. Therefore, it's no loss to you if you switch to immortal dao,” Yu Jiang chuckled. “I attended the Dao Academy and Formula Academy of the Land of Reincarnation. These two academies treat everyone the same. They knew I was an outsider, but they still accepted me and taught me immortal dao and formula dao. If I beat you, I can use the strength of the Dao Academy to initiate you into immortal dao.”

A sudden hunch struck Lu Yun. Yu Jiang's actions were probably at the Dao Academy's behest. They wanted him to propagate dao in the chief worlds!

Wanfeng ran the Dao Academy on his behalf these days. She was an impish and decisive character, so this must be her idea. Otherwise, it was an incredibly difficult thing to have someone give up their great dao and cultivate another. It certainly wasn't a process that someone at eighteen levels of sequence would be willing to undergo.

The outside realm wasn't the Land of Reincarnation, there was no immortal dao traversing the land here. If one wanted to cultivate immortal dao, they needed the great dao guided into their body.

Giving up one's previous dao wasn't a necessity to cultivate immortal dao either. Cultivators could just incorporate their own great dao into immortal dao.

Wanfeng plainly intended to have immortal dao slowly permeate the chief worlds. Instead, it was Lu Yun whose hands were clammy with sweat at his former maid's audaciousness. Immortal dao encompassed everything and already contained three thousand daos. If immortal dao also developed in the chief worlds... it would slowly swallow all of the other daos present and become the main dao of the outside realm.

Lu Yun shuddered despite himself—his ambitions weren't that large.

“Alright!” The nineteenth level sequence cultivator was a young man on the thin side. He rolled up his sleeves and charged Yu Jiang with an upraised sword.

Yu Jiang's immortal sword was one of magnificent quality. He twirled it when the young man moved and deployed Vast Dragon Seaturner. Sword intent surged through the air like the seas and struck the young man before he could come close to his opponent.

The young man quickly backed up, his sword in pieces from Yu Jiang's move.

“I know that technique!” someone called out in the crowd. “Vast Dragon Seaturner! Lu Qing, son of Lu Yun in the Land of Reincarnation, used it to defeat many geniuses!”

“I’ve read about it in the spirit paper!”

“Yeah, that’s Vast Dragon Seaturner!”

Yu Jiang grinned proudly. Although he’d only sent the young man reeling backward and shattered his sword, it was still a heroic feat for someone at eighteen levels of sequence. He’d defeated someone stronger than him! That was enough to make him a genius.

“The Dao Academy of the Land of Reincarnation teaches all comers! They taught me Vast Dragon Seaturner because they saw the potential in me. When I learned my craft, it was I who decided if I would stay or go!” An immortal air emanated from Yu Jiang—his ethereal presence of being an immortal appeared once more.

“So it’s all true... I thought the spirit paper was lying.”

Thanks to the Myriad Spirit and Firstspirit Supremes, the spirit paper had gradually become commonplace in the chief worlds. It was copied and distributed into the weaker major worlds, such as Huangpang.

Chapter 1833: A Great Dao Is Not Walked Alone

Many viewed the spirit paper as a mix of truth and hearsay; it was mostly something to pass the time with when one took a break from cultivation. Civilization of the chief worlds had developed to the point where people only knew cultivation. Endless pursuit of higher levels, breakthroughs, and more strength was the purpose of life. Entertainment fell by the wayside.

Thus, the spirit paper drew great interest when it was published.

As time went on, its reports were verified one by one. They were all true!

An imperceptible and unobtrusive influence filtered through the chief worlds, impacting the cultivators’ deep-rooted beliefs. It enabled immortal dao to soundlessly enter the outside realm and put down roots.

Such was Wanfeng’s plan.

She’d mentioned it before to Lu Yun, but he was planning on melding hell together then and hadn’t had energy to spare for her idea. To think that she would be one step ahead and create thousands of people like Yu Jiang in the chief worlds!

Major factions or strong cultivators possessed their own dao and were remarkably resolute about it. Only with minor characters such as Yu Jiang was there a chance for drastic change.

Formula dao was bait. Its magical side was showcased front and center to draw curiosity from the supremes, prompting their greed and action. When immortals later appeared in the outside realm, they seemed to be a result of the supremes’ plans. And so, this new kind of cultivator was smoothly accepted by the chief worlds.

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Yu Jiang defeating a nineteenth level cultivator exceeded the zone of comprehension for most people. Eighteen levels and nineteen levels were separated by an insurmountable gap. They were completely different planes of existence, and one who could defeat a superior cultivator was definitely a genius.

But everyone knew that Yu Jiang was no genius. Important personages had collected the geniuses from their world long ago, leaving behind regular cultivators who harbored no potential to exceed sequence.

Hence, Yu Jiang defeating someone stronger could be attributed to only one thing—immortal dao! His great dao was truly very strong!

“More?” Yu Jiang grinned, making the hand seal for his second move, Peng of Kun.

“If I join your sect and practice immortal dao... will you teach me your first technique?” The thin young man stared intently at Yu Jiang.

“I will!” he nodded. “Everything that I’ve learned in the Dao Academy can be passed onto others. The immortal dao’s philosophy is that everyone is the same and everything is welcome to it. A great dao is not walked alone, we are all free and unfettered! Whoever cultivates immortal dao can learn everything about it!”

“Very well, I, Hu Ruofei, will join your Immortal Sect and cultivate the immortal dao!” the thin youngster shouted.

Lu Yun:

“These two... are putting on a rather fake act... but I guess it’s enough to fool these people.” Lu Yun’s lips tugged up in a half smile. Both of them had brought their full strength to bear when fighting each other, and it was true that Yu Jiang had broken Hu Ruofei’s sword with one blow. It was also real that he’d sent his opponent reeling backward.

But that speech of his... those promises... and Hu Ruofei immediately agreeing to switch to immortal dao... It almost made Lu Yun cringe from the corniness. He would never believe that this was the genuine reaction of two strangers!

But Yu Jiang was right. Immortal dao was open and compatible with all. A great dao was not tread by only one person, yet cultivators should seek to remain free and unfettered on their path. This was how the Dao and Formula Academies taught their disciples and these principles were deeply established in many immortals.

But how long had someone like Yu Jiang attended the academy? He was saying all this just to recruit more disciples for his sect and earn more enigma stones.

All living things interacted with each other in pursuit of their own profit. If Yu Jiang could cultivate for a few hundred or even a thousand years at the Dao Academy, he might truly understand the meaning of what he was saying. His actions would match his thoughts then.

Unbidden, Lu Yun sighed.

“Oh? Does this fellow daoist not accept my words?” Yu Jiang turned around with a smile, he seemed to have heard Lu Yun. “Do you wish to fight me too?”

"I do," Lu Yun nodded. "But what a coincidence, I studied at the Dao Academy of the Land of Reincarnation too. My potential was too poor to cultivate formula dao, so the supremes disqualified me."

"You've met the supremes?!" Yu Jiang's voice almost broke from shock. Supremes were the absolute powerhouses of the chief worlds and legendary characters. Huangpang was too small to have a supreme!

Its ruler was a thirtieth level sequence cultivator. This major world wasn't rich enough in resources to draw the attention of the supremes.

"Yes," Lu Yun nodded again. "A supreme personally sent me into the land so I could cultivate immortal dao and peer into the secrets of formula dao. But my potential was too poor. I let them down."

Since there were people like Yu Jiang to be the perfect cover for Lu Yun, he wouldn't bother concealing his immortal dao anymore. He'd been using the Stillness Talisman to hide the ripples of his immortal dao before this. It looked like he'd been needlessly worried that the outsiders would read something from his aura and undo his disguise.

As for whether or not he'd ever met a supreme... he was sure that the Myriad Spirit and Firstspirit Supremes would make his lie whole. They were also once part of the contingent that coveted formula dao and furiously funneled chief world cultivators to the Dao Academy. If it wasn't for Leize appearing and stopping them, they probably would've joined immortal dao themselves to follow their master.

Lu Yun hadn't known that there were already immortals in the chief worlds before he set out on this jaunt.

"Since fellow daoist wishes a fight, I shall answer in kind!"

Boom!

Lu Yun released the full might of his twenty-four levels of immortal dao sequence.

"After you, fellow daoist!" Lu Yun raised a pair of great axes in his hand. It made for an intimidating sight with his muscular body and roughly hewn features.

Yu Jiang and Hu Ruofei's jaws dropped and they swiftly backed away.

"Twenty, twenty-four levels?!" Yu Jiang stammered.

"That's right!" Lu Yun was the perfect example of a rough and tumble brute without any complicated schemes up his sleeve.

"Nope, nope, nuh uh. Not fighting!" Yu Jiang rapidly shook his head. "Here's one thousand enigma stones, please accept them!"

"I don't want them, I want to join the Immortal Sect!" Lu Yun roared back. "I have not seen the shadow of an immortal since leaving the Land of Reincarnation and traveling through several major worlds. I've finally found you guys today, so I want to join your sect!"

"Okay!"

“No!” Yu Jiang and Hu Ruofei said at the same time, but their answers were different.

Hu Ruofei didn't think much about it. He knew full well how strong immortal dao was and had fallen in with Yu Jiang because he wanted to train in it. Yu Jiang, however, wanted to be the boss of the sect and earn enigma stones.

If a twenty-fourth level sequence expert joined them, who'd be the boss then?

“No?!” Lu Yun glared. “Didn't you just say that a great dao is not walked alone and we are all the same? How come the same doesn't apply to me??”

Yu Jiang winced inwardly and didn't know how to respond.

“You're already an immortal, fellow daoist, why do you want to join us?” It was Hu Ruofei who raised a halting question.

The mystified crowd looked at each other. Seeing one immortal was rare enough, to think that another had appeared so quickly!

“Yu Jiang, you're afraid of this strong immortal taking over your sect and seizing your business, aren't you?” someone snorted.

A wry expression developed on Yu Jiang's face. He really didn't know what to say, he'd already voiced all those self righteous words!

Chapter 1834: Immortal Sect

An uncultured brute, Lu Yun glared at the two sect members and huffed through his nose. He looked ready to beat them up at any second.

“Very well!” Yu Jiang grit his teeth. “You can join my Immortal Sect if you wish, but it's mine! You cannot plot against me or take my business. I've got a whole family to feed!”

“Sure,” Lu Yun grinned foolishly and put his great axes away. “What do I want your sect for? I just want fellow daoists to drink tea with, chat about the weather, and read the spirit paper with. Come on come on, let's go take a look at your sect.”

He flung an arm around Yu Jiang, demonstrating a complete change from his earlier mood.

A shaking Yu Jiang led Lu Yun away. He hadn't even had time to ask his newest junior brother's name.

Chu Xingran and Xie Tianxun's been chased by Yun Yi's replica for several hundred years now. They can keep running for a few days more. Both of them carried Resurrection Talismans and could revive in a predetermined place, so Lu Yun really was in no hurry.

With the number of times that Chu Xingran had visited the Firmament Prison, it'd basically become home turf for him. If it wasn't for Xie Tianxun dragging him down, Yun Yi's replica might not have found him.

He hadn't known how the Resurrection Talisman worked at first, so didn't set his revival spot outside the prison. Even Lu Yun only discovered later that the talisman could be used this way. But Chu Xingran

didn't seem that afraid of Yun Yi. If he wanted to exit the Firmament Prison, he would've emerged a long time ago.

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Huangpang wasn't too far from the Firmament Prison. In fact, it was so affected by the prison that it was a remarkably destitute place despite being a major world. It didn't have that many natural resources or connate products—not even an ancestral vein of heaven and earth had formed. Enigma stone veins were also in short supply.

Apart from a thirtieth level sequence cultivator ruling over some downtrodden cultivators, there were no other factions here. In Lu Yun's eyes, the local powers were more like the gangs of ancient Earth.

The trio came to a little town called Crouching Cow. There was a mountain range in front of the town shaped like a crouching cow, which gave the town its name.

Ordinary people existed in the chief worlds, but they were incredibly strong and born with great dao. They were on par with a Void World King at birth and would naturally ascend to Nihil World Sovereign after a period of growth.

This was something completely unfathomable to the fourth realm.

In the chief worlds, even in a poor world such as Huangpang, Nihil World Sovereign counted as ordinary mundanes without cultivation. Accessing sequence was the true start of cultivation. The chief worlds were whole and complete, and supported by countless worlds. The level of one's world determined how strong its denizens were.

If there came a day in which babies in the Land of Reincarnation were born as Void World King or even Nihil World Sovereign, that would be a sign that it was whole and complete again.

Mundanes lined the streets of Crouching Cow. Although they housed various great daos in their body, it wasn't that easy to set foot into sequence.

Such was how equality was ensured in the world. The worlds of the outside realm were strong, so strong that its denizens were born into strength, but an equilibrium was struck with their existence all the same. Those not yet in sequence were just ordinary beings. They needed to eat and sleep, they would also grow old and get sick, they would die.

Yu Jiang's Immortal Sect was located in the center of town. In this part of the world, he was a local tyrant.

At this time of the day, town inhabitants should be going about their business. There were only roughly hundred households in the town, but Lu Yun heard the drone of chanted scripture as soon as he set foot into it. A tiny ripple of immortal dao from these mundanes accompanied the chanting.

Tao Te Ching! The town's inhabitants were reciting the Tao Te Ching penned by the Grand Pure One!

Viewed as a sacred text of immortal dao, Tao Te Ching didn't contain any cultivation methods. Instead, everything written in its pages referenced the heavenly dao and was the essence of immortal dao.

It was required reading in the Dao Academy; Lu Yun hadn't thought that Yu Jiang would get a copy of it and teach the town's residents! He didn't have them practice obscure cultivation methods or battle skills. He simply taught them the scripture so they could create a foundation for their own immortal dao.

Lu Yun abruptly revised his opinion of the man. So Yu Jiang wasn't someone who sought quick success and easy gains. Perhaps this fellow who seemed a bit hypocritical and materialistic was actually a good teacher!

"The Tao Te Ching? Sublime. Would I have willingly changed to immortal dao if I hadn't heard it first?" Hu Ruofei complimented when he heard the residents chanting.

"Ahem!" Yu Jiang coughed warningly. Hu Ruofei fell silent.

"It is indeed a good piece of scripture." Lu Yun took a seat on a random stone stool and cast a sidelong glance at Yu Jiang. "These residents are all mundanes and need food and shelter. Instead of going about their business, you have them sit here and recite scripture. Do you want to starve them?"

After a quick glance, Lu Yun determined that apart from an exceedingly few who'd accessed one or two levels of sequence, everyone else was ordinary. Someone at eighteen levels like Yu Jiang was one of a kind.

"Reciting immortal scripture is only the first step of crafting one's foundation. I don't have them do this all day, just one hour a day," Yu Jiang responded matter-of-factly. "How else am I supposed to earn enigma stones? Cultivation requires lots and lots of stones!"

Lu Yun rubbed his forehead, this guy seemed a bit too obsessed with enigma stones. But other than that, he seemed decent enough. Lu Yun had indeed thought too lowly of him before.

"Is this the Immortal Sect?" He looked at the building in the center of town. It looked to be a palace, one similar to the main palace of the Dao Academy. However, it bore only a superficial resemblance.

"It's only temporarily the Immortal Sect, I haven't decided on what to call it," Yu Jiang mumbled. "Crouching Cow Dao Academy? This place isn't worthy enough to be a Dao Academy."

"I promise that if you dare call it something something Dao Academy, a supreme will come along the next day to stomp it flat," Lu Yun snorted.

Yu Jiang shuddered.

"Just called it the Immortal Sect, it's a nice name," Lu Yun said after a bit of thought.

"I'm the boss here!" Yu Jiang glared. "We already agreed on that! And that's an awful name, that can't be the name."

Thud!

Lu Yun threw over a bag of enigma stones. There were around five thousand pieces inside.

Yu Jiang pounced on it, almost drooling with greed.

"Immortal Sect's a great name, that's the name then!" He grinned from ear to ear.

“Can you have some principles, Yu Jiang?!?” Hu Ruofei ground his teeth. He wanted to choke this embarrassing excuse for a man!

“Principles are nothing in front of enigma stones!” Yu Jiang responded righteously. “Cultivation requires enigma stones! Do you have more of them?” He turned to Lu Yun. “Nameless daoist, if you have more... like ten thousand. No, eight thousand. I’ll let you be the sect leader. How about it?”

“Yu Jiang! I’m going to kill you!” Hu Ruofei squawked angrily and threw himself at Yu Jiang.

“Don’t do that, we can split these stones eight two, or nine one!” Yu Jiang hugged the bag of stones to himself and wouldn’t let go.

Lu Yun slapped his forehead. Enigma stones were indeed good items. They contained the power of heaven and earth and were applicable to practicing any great dao or cultivation method. They were also the currency of the chief worlds.

“Don’t worry, I don’t want to be the sect leader. I received a lot of gifts when I followed the supreme. There’s not that many immortals in the chief worlds, so we need to stick together!” Lu Yun threw out another bag of five thousand before the two men quieted down.

“My thoughts precisely!” Yu Jiang quickly agreed. “There was another immortal other than me on Huangpang, but Mo Fei beat him to death three years ago! He was sentenced to death when he didn’t have any enigma stones for the tithe.”

Mo Fei was the ruler of Huangpang, the thirtieth level sequence cultivator. Everyone had to pay him tithe. Those who didn’t were let off lightly with a beating, or death if not. He was the tyrant of this major world.

“But I paid a lot of tithe when I was in the Land of Reincarnation. Crouching Cow’s tithe is paid one hundred years in advance, so we don’t need to worry about this.” Yu Jiang felt that Lu Yun should also be afraid of Mo Fei. After all, that was a thirtieth level sequence expert!

Yu Jiang’s heart still spasmed painfully when he thought of his overlord. One hundred years of tithe was eight thousand enigma stones!

Hu Ruofei curled his lip and didn’t interject. While he wanted to switch to the immortal dao, he hadn’t officially done so yet.

I need to make Hu Ruofei one of ours first! Yu Jiang took out a piece of milky-white stone and gave it to the man.

Chapter 1835: Wronged Soul of a Supreme

“Immortal crystal?” Lu Yun’s eyes lit up. He recognized it—that wasn’t a piece of ordinary immortal crystal. It came from the crystal forest at the foot of Mount Xuanhuang!

Tinged with the presence of immortal dao on the mountain and nurtured by the Ancient Tree of Life, this was a piece of immortal dao crystal. There was a tiny hint of the immortal dao’s will in it and it could facilitate outsiders in switching to immortal dao.

Lu Yun hadn't thought that the Dao Academy Yu Jiang graduated from would be the one at Mount Xuanhuang in the world of immortals! The crystal was connected to the man's life force. If Yu Jiang died, so would the immortal crystal go up in smoke. If Lu Yun's guess was right, any outsider who enrolled in the Mount Xuanhuang academy was gifted one of these crystals when they left.

Another part of Wanfeng's plans!

Hu Ruofei and Yu Jiang ignored their newest member. The immortal crystal floated over Hu Ruofei's head and rained down immortal light, transmuting his great dao and sequence into immortal dao. Since the world of immortal dao sequence had been established, one could access immortal dao sequence even when situated in the chief worlds.

It took only a few breaths for Hu Ruofei to become a nineteenth level sequence immortal.

Immortal dao was a great dao. The various cultivation ranks in it before, such as empyrean immortal, golden immortal, and High Immortal of the Great Firmament were just names of various cultivation stages.

Once a cultivator reached sequence, immortal dao convened with the other great daos and the cultivation stages were named after sequence levels. Of course, Lu Yun could bend his mind to renaming all of them if there came a day in which immortal dao traversed the chief worlds. It was too early to consider doing so now.

"Yu Jiang, I hear you've recruited some new faces? Newbies need to pay tithe too. You paid one hundred years in advance last time, so I'll give you a discount. They only need to pay two thousand enigma stones for one hundred years." A jeering voice sounded as soon as the immortal light faded from Hu Ruofei's body.

Two thousand stones for one hundred years and for two... that really wasn't an expensive tithe. That equated to only ten enigma stones per person a year, but to Yu Jiang, it was still like cutting off part of his arm. He could use one thousand stones as forfeit for a bet, but he would never needlessly spend two thousand stones for no reason at all.

"Qu Cu, you bastard!" Yu Jiang snarled when he took a clear look at who had come. "I paid one hundred years in advance for the entire town! They're part of Crouching Tiger, so you're not getting another stone from me!"

Qu Cu appeared as a young man dressed in a bright red robe. He seemed to be eighteen levels of sequence, just like Yu Jiang. But as unwilling as the latter may be, he could only impotently rage at Qu Cu's presence.

Hu Ruofei retreated behind Lu Yun, unwilling to be involved in the clash. Qu Cu should be one of Master Mo Fei's men.

The newcomer's aura was far stronger than Yu Jiang and even more domineering than Hu Ruofei's. Although Yu Jiang had initially sent Hu Ruofei reeling backward in their fight, the former would've been defeated if it continued.

He was indeed much stronger than before after cultivating immortal dao, but it'd been only a short period of time since his initiation. His Vast Dragon Seaturner summoned only the shape of a dragon, not the essence. The sword intent of the sea was all form and no substance in his hands.

So there were still powerhouses on Huangpang—Lu Yun had met only a motley crew thus far.

“They are both great cultivators at eighteen levels of sequence. Two thousand enigma stones isn't a lot.” Qu Cu glanced at the precious bag in Yu Jiang's hands. He'd clearly seen everything, including Lu Yun handing two bags of enigma stones to Yu Jiang.

“Take them!” Yu Jiang sighed when he saw that Lu Yun wasn't going to step forward on their behalf. He handed over their bags with great reluctance. Was it possible for a heart to bleed from pure heartache?

“I recognize Hu Ruofei. Master Mo Fei won't raise objections if he's decided to follow your path. As for this unfamiliar fellow daoist with unknown origins... I'll let you go on account of two thousand enigma stones.” Although this was what Qu Cu said, his gaze swept unpleasantly over Lu Yun's body. He could tell that Lu Yun also cultivated immortal dao and that the latter had accessed twenty-four levels of sequence. But he didn't seem all that concerned. His patron was a thirtieth level sequence expert!

“Honestly, this humble one is no one important...” Lu Yun grinned the broad grin of a foolish and simple man. “I followed the Myriad Spirit Supreme into the Land of Reincarnation because we wanted formula dao. But who would've thought that my potential is limited? I gave up after being muddled by all sorts of formulas and theories...”

“The Myriad Spirit Supreme!” Qu Cu jumped with shock and his gaze softened. “You're one of the supreme's people?”

Anyone who dared mention a supreme's title was absolutely one of the supreme's men. Otherwise, ordinary cultivators suffered tribulations if they nonchalantly used a supreme's name in casual conversation.

“I was only by his side for a brief period,” Lu Yun smiled again.

Qu Cu's eyes darted around uncertainly. The enigma stones in his hand suddenly felt hot to the touch.

“We can forgo the stones since you're a follower of the supremes. If fellow daoist is so fortunate as to see the Myriad Spirit Supreme again, please say a few words on Huangpang's behalf.” Qu Cu returned the stones to Yu Jiang and left hastily after making some cryptic comments.

“Eh? What words?” Qu Cu was already far away when Lu Yun wanted to ask for clarification. “What am I supposed to say?” He looked blankly at Yu Jiang and Hu Ruofei.

“Don't know...” They were equally lost.

“Are there no supremes on Huangpang?” Lu Yun asked.

“No! The supremes don't find this world worthy. Apparently, we had one a very long time ago—the Huangpang Supreme. This major world is named after him and we have had no supremes since he fell.” Hu Ruofei hummed in thought, “Master Mo Fei is a thirtieth level sequence expert. He has the right to exceed sequence, but just being thirty levels means he can't coalesce a dao palace. He won't be a supreme if he exceeds sequence.

“They say that he traveled to the Land of Reincarnation a while ago to kill Lu Yun. The supremes will craft a dao palace for anyone who kills Lu Yun, you see. But he came back for some reason—no one knows why.” Since Hu Ruofei had never visited the Land of Reincarnation, everything he knew about it was hearsay.

“I know why,” Yu Jiang muttered. “Master Mo Fei came back after he saw the son of Lu Yun fight at Mount Astronomia.”

Lu Yun:

He hadn’t thought much of his name before. There were at least eighty million Lu Yuns in the chief worlds, if not eight hundred million. He thought of walking around with his real name, but thought better of it since it was so prevalent.

But after Qu Cu’s parting words, he didn’t know what to think anymore.

“How did the Huangpang Supreme die?” he asked subconsciously.

Supremes dominated their territory in the chief worlds, so it was a major event when one died. The outside realm had reverberated for shock for a long time after Qing Buyi killed the Nebula Supreme.

“I don’t know... he was just gone one day.” Hu Ruofei rubbed his head.

Lu Yun:

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Instead of immediately setting out for the Firmament Prison, Lu Yun spent some time in Crouching Cow secretly giving pointers to the two immortals. At the same time, he called upon formula dao to derive current events in the prison.

Since he possessed a tiny fragment of the Firmament Prison, he could use it to calculate and forecast the various layouts and changes in the locale.

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“What?! You’re on Huangpang?!” The Myriad Spirit Supreme’s eyes widened and he stared incredulously at his martial nephew. When did Lu Yun leave the Land of Reincarnation??

As a spacetime traveler, Qing Buyi could walk through space and time. Thus, leaving with Lu Yun was a walk in the park.

Myriad Spirit’s projection was still in the Land of Reincarnation. Apart from initially building up Lu Qing’s reputation to gain more time for Lu Yun, he kept a low profile otherwise. He had what he came here for, so all he needed to do was to stay and take care of some trouble for Lu Yun.

So when Lu Yun’s replica suddenly came to him and said that he was on Huangpang, Myriad Spirit didn’t know what to think.

“Is something off about this major world?”

“Not really, just that a supreme died there and their soul refuses to depart.” Myriad Spirit thought for a bit. The Huangpang Supreme and the Huangpang major world were hardly secrets in the supreme’s social circle. He was just shocked that Lu Yun had somehow slipped out beneath his nose. If the chief worlds discovered where Lu Yun was, he wouldn’t make it back alive. “The supreme’s aggrieved soul seems to be agitating lately, wanting to destroy the major world.”

Chapter 1836: What’s His Name

“Aggrieved soul?! His death wasn’t justified??” A sudden thought struck Lu Yun. There were many supremes in the chief worlds, but the outside realm was so vast that supremes were still apex, absolute heavyweights.

The aggrieved death, or unwarranted death, of one was no small matter.

“Yes,” Myriad Spirit nodded. “But I recommend you to stay out of Huangpang’s affairs. You can’t afford to provoke the one who killed the Huangpang Supreme.”

“It’s not like I haven’t offended anyone already.” Lu Yun had found Qu Cu’s manner of parting curious, but his attention was truly roused by Myriad Spirit’s words.

“You’re not thinking of capturing the Huangpang Supreme’s aggrieved soul, are you kid?” Myriad Spirit felt chills travel down his back.

Although the Huangpang Supreme was far less than Myriad Spirit, the former had become an aggrieved ghost after his death and couldn’t be laid to rest. Even Myriad Spirit had to give him a wide berth now.

If even Myriad Spirit needed to be wary of something, it definitely wasn’t a target that the current Lu Yun could handle. The former was Leize’s disciple, after all, and possessed Leize’s true teachings. It went without saying how strong he was.

“I am,” Lu Yun answered matter-of-factly. “My hell dao is newly formed and the origin hell has been crafted. It lacks residents, so the Huangpang Supreme will be a perfect minion!”

Myriad Spirit wordlessly rubbed his temples. “I knew you wouldn’t be able to sit still and would sooner or later run off to the chief worlds. I’ve already arranged an appropriate identity for you.”

He gave up on their previous topic and switched tack to discussing Lu Yun’s temporary identity.

Lu Yun nodded. He’d come to Myriad Spirit not only to ask about Huangpang, but also to determine what should be done about his identity in the outside realm. Something that the supreme set up would be flawless and perfectly reasonable.

The supreme had been the first to step forward when the Land of Reincarnation opened and set himself up as a representative of the chief worlds. He sought to make things difficult for the abandoned backwater, but Lu Qing first beat his disciple, then slapped his face. At this stage, no one would ever believe that he was in cahoots with Lu Yun.

Those incidents were enough to cast shame on the brother and sister duo for quite a while.

No one would fathom that they share a deep history with Leize, and that Myriad Spirit had offered his cheek for an unwitting Lu Qing to slap. Only in this manner would Myriad Spirit and Firstspirit be above suspicion.

It also became their perfect cover, making it possible for Myriad Spirit to covertly arrange a lot of things for Lu Yun. The spirit paper, for instance, made its way to the chief worlds through the brother and sister's efforts.

The chief world proposal of sending cultivators to learn immortal dao and thereby formula dao was another one of their ideas. The other supremes had concurred, thinking it perfectly reasonable.

While most failed to learn formula dao, there were some that succeeded. Lu Yun fully backed whatever propagated immortal dao and formula dao. The path of great daos was created by the living. The more who walked the path, the stronger the great dao.

"By the way, the girl called Wanfeng under your banner is a genius. She is quick, sharp-witted, and destined for greatness," Myriad Spirit suddenly mentioned a person who'd caught his eye.

"Don't you dare think about doing anything with her!" Lu Yun jumped with shock.

Myriad Spirit blushed. "I mean that I'd like to accept her as my disciple."

"Well, if it comes down to it, she's your martial uncle." Lu Yun quirked his lips. "She's Fuxi's personal disciple."

Myriad Spirit chuckled wryly and dropped the subject. It'd be one thing if she was an ordinary disciple. But a personal disciple... and Fuxi's personal disciple... Myriad Spirit wasn't qualified to teach Wanfeng.

Lu Yun didn't initially think much of Fuxi's Wayfarer replica taking Wanfeng as his disciple. It wasn't until he returned from the great wilderness that he realized the significance. Wanfeng was the Ah Bao of the great wilderness, the mountain ghost of Mount Qingqiu. She sheltered humanity in that era and formed a deep relationship with them. Fuxi was the sacred emperor of the human race and knew Wanfeng during the great wilderness. Thus, it made perfect sense for him to teach her at a later eon.

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Myriad Spirit was unable to provide any useful information about the Huangpang Supreme. He did, however, thoroughly resolve the problem of Lu Yun's identity. Although no one would pay attention to a puny cultivator of twenty-four levels, it was better to head off trouble before it took shape.

After another seven days, Hu Ruofei's great dao was fully transmuted to immortal dao. He was a bonafide immortal and his cultivation at nineteen levels of immortal dao sequence.

The incredible happened next.

Soul force appeared in Hu Ruofei—formula dao!

Yu Jiang hadn't been able to coalesce soul force no matter how he tried, but Hu Ruofei had succeeded in seven days and reached an extremely high level of proficiency with it! Yu Jiang almost jumped out of his skin and scrambled to press Hu Ruofei onto the ground, firmly clapping his hand over the other's mouth.

“Be quiet!” Yu Jiang hissed. “You can’t let anyone else know that you know formula dao, or you’ll attract fatal attention for yourself!”

Hu Ruofei abruptly came back to his senses and nodded rapidly, a fine sheen of sweat on his forehead. He’d be a treasure to a supreme if there was any present, but in a forsaken world like Huangpang, formula dao would only result in his death.

“But since we have formula dao now, that makes us a real Immortal Sect.” Yu Jiang beamed proudly.

“Do you remember everything I’ve taught you guys?” Lu Yun asked at this point.

“Yes, yes.” Yu Jiang waved a hand. “Are you leaving?” He was highly attuned to social cues and immediately understood what Lu Yun wanted to do.

“I’m going to visit that Mo Fei, I feel like something’s up with him. I also have other business at hand. I was just passing through Huangpang.” Lu Yun nodded. “Here’s one hundred thousand enigma stones...”

He took out a bag.

“N-no!” Yu Jiang lit up, then shook his head fiercely. “Are you kidding me?! One hundred thousand enigma stones?? I’m only eighteen levels of sequence! I’ll die a horrific death if I have that many enigma stones on me!”

As greedy as he was, he loved staying alive even more. He was also clear-headed and knew what he could and could not take. Otherwise, he wouldn’t have paid one hundred years of tithe in advance after returning from the Land of Reincarnation. That’d been all of the stones he earned from his trip, the reward that the supreme’s men had given him for transferring to immortal dao.

“Alright then, I’ll give you eight thousand. I hope next time I come to Huangpang, everyone in Crouching Cow will be immortals!”

“You bet!” Yu Jiang grinned from ear to ear.

Lu Yun raised cupped fists and left.

“Huh? Wait, what’s his name?” Hu Ruofei asked blankly.

“Um... yeah. What’s his name?” Yu Jiang had no idea.

Chapter 1837: Ghost City

Huangpang was enormous, much bigger than any major world in the fourth realm.

It possessed a complete heaven and earth, complete order. Although it was a barren world in the eyes of the chief worlds, it was still one of unbelievable richness to Lu Yun. Its enigma stone veins were much more numerous than those in the fourth realm. The only thing missing was an ancestral vein of heaven and earth.

But it was indeed a destitute place compared to the land of milk and honey that was the Luo Trading Major World. For someone as unknowledgeable of the outside realm as Lu Yun, however, this was a land of treasure.

Most important was that this was the major world closest to the Firmament Prison. If he wanted to explore the prison, obtain the secrets of the primordial heavenly court, or refine the prison's core essence, he would need the support of a major world.

This was why he lingered in Huangpang.

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Huangpang's core was Huangpang City, where the Huangpang Supreme used to live. Lu Yun asked around on the way there and employed formula dao to determine that Huangpang had been as fertile as other major worlds when the supreme ruled. It'd possessed an ancestral vein of heaven and earth then too.

After the supreme's demise, the ancestral vein dissipated and the major world declined. In the end, only Huangpang's name was left as a token of the world's past greatness.

Myriad Spirit didn't tell Lu Yun how the Huangpang Supreme died, only that the young man couldn't afford to provoke the killer. Lu Yun didn't ask further either.

Perhaps the Myriad Spirit Supreme didn't dare mention that person's name.

Huangpang City was enormous and very imposing. It snaked through the center of the major world like a crouching dragon. A play off the characters huanglong for yellow dragon, it was said that the Huangpang Supreme was himself a yellow dragon. He'd given up his faction for unknown reasons and changed his name to Huang Pang.

Lu Yun paused fifteen thousand kilometers out from the city, his brows tightly furrowed.

"Does the problem lie with Mo Fei, or is the Huangpang Supreme's ghost behind this?"

A dignified and magnificent city to other people, Huangpang City was a bustling center of activity and livelihood. It was the most prosperous locale in the entire major world.

But to Lu Yun's Spectral Eye... it was a den of ghosts.

The city was a mess of ruins strewn over the land. Horrific ghostly entities lurked in dim corners, silently watching the cultivators and life forms living in the ghostly metropolis. The cultivators seemed to have no idea that they lived among a scene of devastation and destruction.

Lu Yun read a terrifying concentration of resentment in the middle of the city. It had latched onto a powerful living being and ate away at their soul. At the same time, Lu Yun saw a familiar face—Qu Cu.

He was the only person awake in the city. Lu Yun could see the worry and resolution in his emotions.

"I thought something was off about Qu Cu the first time I saw him. Indeed, thirty-three levels of sequence gives one the right to break free of sequence and forge a dao palace." Lu Yun finally saw Qu Cu's true cultivation at this time. The strongest on Huangpang wasn't Mo Fei, but Qu Cu.

"You're here." Qu Cu immediately discovered Lu Yun's assessing gaze and appeared in front of the young man. "Have you met with the supreme?" Yearning flashed through his eyes.

Lu Yun looked blankly at him. Even if he had... he couldn't tell Qu Cu that... Plus, he'd been on the major world the entire time. How was Qu Cu assuming that Lu Yun had magically traveled off world to meet a supreme?

"Ah, I'm being too forward." Qu Cu's face dimmed. "You probably can't see the truth of this place. It looks like a prosperous metropolis, but it's actually a ghost city. Anyone who enters it will be trapped forever."

Lu Yun was his last hope. The newcomer had once followed a supreme—if he could ask the supreme to intervene here, that might resolve the crisis facing Huangpang. But what kind of person was a supreme? How many followers did one have? Would a supreme take action just for someone who'd answered to his banner in the past?

Qu Cu was like a drowning man in his current state. He tried to grasp everything he could, anything that would give him hope. A supreme was his hope, so someone who'd served under one was his hope.

He'd said those mysterious things to Lu Yun because he wanted to spark Lu Yun's curiosity. If Lu Yun came to the city, he could tell the young man everything and beg him to invite the supreme here.

"Only a supreme can save everyone here..." Pleading bled through Qu Cu's gaze as he looked at Lu Yun.

"The person taking enigma stones as tithe was never Mo Fei, but you... you're also the one who beat the other immortal to death." Lu Yun sized up Qu Cu.

"Yes." The man nodded. "I take enigma stones to inspire fear and resentment, so that people won't venture to their deaths here. The more souls that Huangpang City devours, the stronger it becomes. Mo Fei has already become a ghost king. The power of heaven and earth found inside enigma stones can slightly withstand his energy."

"Why did you kill that immortal?" Lu Yun frowned. "Just because he didn't pay tithe?"

"That immortal courted death! He scared himself out of his wits after he learned some special methods to see the truth of this city and ran around saying the wildest things. I was afraid that he'd anger the ghost king, so I killed him and told people that he didn't pay enough tithe. That was also another way to intimidate everyone."

A heritage of ghost immortal dao existed in the Dao Academy. Its cultivators could train ghostly energy with their body of the living. Once the proper balance between yin and yang was struck, that set them on the path of ghost immortals. The immortal had likely walked this path, thus enabling him to see the truth of this city.

"No one alive has come to this city for the longest time... You see all those cultivators busy going about their business? Even though they're alive, they repeat the same thing over and over again. The end is the beginning, never ending and never pausing."

Lu Yun couldn't help a shudder. Repeating the same thing over and over again... The end being the beginning without end and pause... wasn't that the same thing in the Land of Reincarnation? This ghost city was a miniature Land of Reincarnation!

“I’m going to take a closer look.” Lu Yun took a deep breath while black sparkles flickered in his eyes. He strode forward to enter the city.

“You’ll end up trapped in there if you rush in like this! Go find the supreme. That’s the only hope for Huangpang City and this major world!” A begging Qu Cu stopped him. He was trapped here too, but since his cultivation level was so high, he was able to exit the city. However, his freedom was limited to walking around the major world.

If he dared leave, the ghost king that was Mo Fei and whatever was more terrifying would eat him alive.

“The supreme will come. I’m just going to take a look first.” Lu Yun patted Qu Cu’s shoulder and crossed fifteen thousand kilometers, bounding into the city.

Qu Cu looked on with despair.

Chapter 1838: Chang Ghost

The reason behind Huangpang City turning into a ghost city lay with the Mo Fei sitting at its center. He was a great cultivator at thirtieth level sequence, able to manipulate anyone who arrived here if they were weaker than him. They would live out their days in the ghost city without ever thinking anything was wrong.

Qu Cu was able to remain clear headed because he was thirty-three levels of sequence; he was stronger than Mo Fei. He’d issued many requests for help from others, but for some reason, everyone who came here walked into the ghost city despite themselves. Even if they knew the truth beforehand, they would ultimately become part of the city and part of the sight in front of him.

In Qu Cu’s view, this was the beguilement of the ghost city. There was a restriction planted in his soul that made it impossible for him to speak of the truth unless he was near it. But if others were near it, they found their feet carrying them in. The only thing he could do was ask for help again and again, bringing over strong foreigners or geniuses tied to supremes. Only then could he make a proper plea for help.

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Dejection flashed through Qu Cu’s eyes when he saw Lu Yun walk into the city. Another one. He followed the young man in.

A great hubbub rose over the metropolis as passersby jostled each other on the streets, voices and sweat alike flying through the air. A large sun high in the sky threw off bright radiance. It was a picture of thriving prosperity and the people’s expressions seemed perfectly normal.

“Have you ever heard of the saying ‘the ghost of one devoured by the tiger’?” Lu Yun’s voice suddenly rang in Qu Cu’s ears.

“Huh? What?” The man blinked. How was the brute lost in the city talking to him? Is this a coincidence? Or maybe he remembers me, but doesn’t know that he’s already in the ghost city?

“The ghost of the tiger’s victim helps it devour others... that’s a saying from the mortal world. As the legend goes, someone that the tiger eats turns into a ghost that obeys the tiger. Instead of seeking revenge from the tiger, they become their murderer’s henchman. The ghost lures more people to the

tiger so that the tiger can eat them too.” Lu Yun turned around to face Qu Cu and said haltingly, “The ghost... speaks complete bullshit... It cajoles and beguiles... rousing the listener’s curiosity and greed...

“I’ve been wondering why I grew curious simply because you threw down some mystifying statements. It turns out you’re the ghost. A chang ghost.”

It didn’t necessarily take a tiger to turn someone into a chang ghost.

“The immortal wasn’t scared out of his wits,” Lu Yun murmured. “Rather, he was no longer under the city’s control after he cultivated the way of ghost immortals. That’s why you killed him.”

It felt like lightning had struck Qu Cu. He stared dumbly at Lu Yun, not able to say a word.

“Do you mean... I’m dead? That I’m a chang ghost who keeps luring people here to feed that ghost king?” he said blankly.

Twin beams of black light flashed through Lu Yun’s eyes, reflecting Qu Cu’s ashen face out of his pupils.

“Yes, that’s the case, you just don’t know it yet. Everyone in this city, including that so-called Ghost King Mo Fei, is alive. You are the only one dead. You are the chang ghost by the vengeful ghost’s side.

“It’s not your fault, Qu Cu. You remain unaware of your true state because your heart is kind. You have no idea that you’ve already been refined into a chang ghost by the vengeful ghost of the supreme.” Lu Yun patted the man’s shoulder again when he saw black smoke waft upward from Qu Cu’s body.

Qu Cu had thought that everything he was doing would save people, that his actions would help the situation. The vengeful ghost used this mindset to blind him and steer him into helping the ghost instead.

Sometimes people had no idea they’d died; they thought they were still alive. Lu Yun had encountered that situation in the world of immortals. Qu Cu was already a chang ghost, but he was completely oblivious and thought that he was still alive. Since Lu Yun had pierced through the veil of misdirection, Qu Cu’s balance between life and death was shattered and he could clearly see himself for who he was.

“The vengeful ghost of the Huangpang Supreme doesn’t need dead souls, he needs the resentment of the living. The living in this city have only lost themselves—they haven’t been hurt in any way. But when the time comes, they’ll all become the ghost’s sacrifice and be tormented unto death. The massive resentment that results from this will become food for the vengeful ghost.”

The Huangpang Supreme had died an unjust death—he shouldn’t have died at all. What made his death particularly undeserved was that he’d suffered needlessly before his final breath.

The resentment of the aggrieved dead was the greatest. Even if it was a saint who died, and one who died without a hint of bitterness, they would still become a vengeful ghost after death. As a ghost, their desire for revenge would flare and they would wreak havoc on the living.

The living and ghosts walked separate paths... While one might be kind in life, resentment after death could change everything.

Lu Qingtian was a prime example of this. He'd died peacefully and content, having achieved all of his lifelong goals. But he still turned into a vengeful demon in death and plagued Lu Yun after his disciple gained the ability to resurrect him.

"The ghost city grows at every second. It will be big enough to devour the entire major world after another few hundred million years, turning it into a ghost world." Lu Yun continued, "The enigma stones you've collected aren't to keep the ghost king in check. Instead, the city's eaten them as food."

The vengeful ghost hadn't collected all of the world's living beings due to this reason. If the major world was empty, no one would ever dare set foot on its soil again. However, the resentment of one world's inhabitants was far from enough.

Qu Cu nodded expressionlessly. He was well aware of his identity now and there was no longer the presence of the living around him. Everything that Lu Yun said to him was meaningless.

"I'm, I'm going to kill that ghost and eat it!!" he suddenly shrieked. Black smoke drifted from his body and soared to the sky with towering resentment. His bitterness was aimed at only the ghost that'd killed and continued to manipulate him.

Lu Yun patted him on the shoulder for a third time. A variety of expressions rapidly flickered across his face as Qu Cu returned to his initial state.

"Ah..." He looked blankly at Lu Yun.

"Go find the ghost king. If my guess is right, the vengeful ghost is near the ghost king and is watching us right now." Lu Yun was a bold person with skills to back up his impulses. The Myriad Spirit Supreme didn't dare draw near the ghost of the fallen supreme, but he was eager to give it a try. "It won't require a supreme for me to take care of it."

He chuckled and strode forward, the surroundings changing around him. He was already at the center of the city—the old city lord's manor. It looked sumptuous and magnificent, but it lay in disgraceful ruins without a single intact building.

Mo Fei sat in the middle of the courtyard. There was no one here other than him.

"Would you believe me if I say that I let myself be covered in resentment and turned into a ghost king?" he said before Lu Yun could speak. Plainly, he'd heard the entire conversation between his visitor and Qu Cu.

"You still retain your consciousness?" Lu Yun blinked. "Are you the Huangpang Supreme's disciple? Or descendant?"

"I am her dao partner," he responded softly. "Collecting the resentment of countless beings to help her grow beyond the form of a vengeful ghost is also my idea. Everything here is my plan..." Mo Fei gently caressed a crystalline skull next to him—the Huangpang Supreme's skull.

The Huangpang Supreme was a woman! Mo Fei had sacrificed himself for her. Although he was still alive, he was neither human nor ghost.

"What is the meaning of this?" Lu Yun shook his head. "This won't resurrect the dead."

“It won’t because her resentment is too strong from her unjustified death. I’m doing this to dispel her resentment so that she can be revived!” Mo Fei’s expression twisted and he roared, “Why?! Someone else already took the legendary item, so why did that bastard vent his spleen on Huang Pang?! Just because we are the closest to the damned Firmament Prison?!”

“So then what of killing everything alive for Huang Pang and setting myself against existence itself?!”

Chapter 1839: For One’s Love

Inspiration struck Lu Yun when he heard Mo Fei’s anguished howl. I have a good idea why the Huangpang Supreme died... the Imperial Seal!

But as for what exactly had happened, Lu Yun couldn’t be certain.

Resentment brewed on Mo Fei, one that was targeted at all living beings. He’d absorbed the bitterness from the vengeful ghost of his beloved and concentrated it on himself. Thus, despite being alive, he was now a ghost. He was a ghost king who walked among the living and hated everything alive.

The ghost city wouldn’t stop at swallowing the Huangpang major world—resentment of everything in this world was not the final end. It would grow to devour other major worlds and turn them into ghost cities too.

The aggrieved ghost that the Myriad Spirit Supreme spoke about wasn’t Huang Pang, but Mo Fei. After absorbing the dead supreme’s resentment, he became an existence more terrifying than the vengeful ghost.

Mo Fei sat upon a throne carved from white bone while a slender figure drifted helplessly next to him. That was most likely the Huangpang Supreme’s soul, and it was indeed extraordinarily weak. Therefore, Mo Fei kept her safe by his side.

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Mo Fei regained his previous steadiness after his outburst and the fearsome malice instantly dispersed, as if it’d never existed.

Radiant sunshine poured into the city and a refreshing spring breeze drifted through the air. Peace and prosperity reigned through the streets. The ghost city’s true form was completely concealed—even Lu Yun couldn’t glimpse it through the Spectral Eye anymore.

“You’re not a thirtieth level sequence cultivator! Thirty levels can’t suppress this level of resentment. You’re a supreme, one who destroyed your own dao palace!” Lu Yun abruptly realized. Someone who could so easily control this level of resentment and remain unaffected by it was no ordinary cultivator. He had to be a supreme, or even stronger!

Mo Fei had destroyed his own dao palace to fix his cultivation at thirty levels of sequence!

“You’re a Moran!” Shock quailed Lu Yun’s heart when he read a hint of darkness on the ghost king. Mo Fei’s sequence was the one of darkness, so he had to be from the Moran Clan!

Huang Pang was a dragon and Mo Fei was a Moran... their union must have been met with too many obstacles and setbacks. The Huangpang Supreme relinquished the dragon title and severed her ties to

her race in order to pursue happiness. Mo Fei also changed his name, modifying his Moran surname into the Mo character.

These actions admitted to their karma of the past, but also cut off their ties to the past.

Mo Fei's gaze softened; there was no hint of violence in them anymore. Lu Yun had entered the city lord's manor at some point and Qu Cu was nowhere to be found.

"I see Dongning's aura on you, she's a good girl. If it wasn't for her mother's help, not even this bit of Huangpang's soul would remain. Has Dongning given the Master of Darkness to you?" If it wasn't for Mo Fei seeing Moran Dongning's power on Lu Yun, he would've smote the young man out of existence or have Qu Cu do it the moment that Lu Yun set foot into the city.

"The Master of Darkness?" Lu Yun was about to answer in the negative, but suddenly thought of the akasha ghosts. They were formed out of the resentment of his future self and drawn by the future brush of the Three Brushes of Reincarnation. The akasha ghosts looked just like the mask, an indication that Moran Dongning had already melded its power into Lu Yun's future self then.

When the future self fulfilled its purpose as a dao fruit, Lu Yun refined it, along with the power of the mask. He just hadn't been aware of that fact before.

"Yes," Lu Yun nodded. "Dongning gave me its power."

"I see," Mo Fei nodded. "Very good, you may go now. Just keep the matters of this place to yourself."

Though he spared Lu Yun, his plans for Huangpang City had to continue. Mo Fei could endure Huang Pang's overwhelming bitterness for her, but she needed the resentment of life to answer for her unjust death or she would never find release.

Mo Fei's own fury and his beloved's hatred battered his heart and mind at every second, but his mind was so highly developed that he could keep them both in check.

"I can resurrect Senior Huangpang," Lu Yun suddenly said.

Mo Fei shook his head. "The resentment will plague her even if she comes back to life. It will haunt and torment her forever. I cannot wish for her to live again, but I can wish for her to rest in peace."

He would turn into a demon once she could rest and kill his way through the worlds, enacting vengeance on every single one of those who hurt her.

"I can nullify the resentment too." Lu Yun materialized a sparkling karmic fruit in his hand.

"The karmic fruit of the god of Mount Tai," Mo Fei nodded. "I know who you are now—the Lu Yun who has the chief worlds in an uproar."

While he never left the residence, his mind encompassed the entire world and took note of everything that happened. The spirit paper distribution network also reached Huangpang and Lu Yun's name had caused quite a stir. In fact, Lu Yun could see a few copies piled up on the other side of Mo Fei.

"One fruit is not enough," the ghost king nodded, then shook his head. "It's not just Huang Pang's resentment. Mine is equally overwhelming."

“Are one hundred and eight thousand enough?” Lu Yun took a quick inventory and waved a rain of sparkling fruit into existence, filling the hall.

Mo Fei inhaled sharply.

“Tell me what you wish.” Some agitation stirred his thoughts. This sum of karmic fruit was enough to resolve the immense resentment! But he also knew that the karmic ties of life and death were the greatest. He was not related to Lu Yun in the slightest. If he couldn’t pay back the karma, he would be restricted in other ways in the future.

“I want this major world!” Lu Yun said firmly. “There is a budding faction called the Immortal Sect in this world. It will eventually become the dominant sect of Huangpang and immortal dao will blossom as well!

“Since the senior knows my name, you must also know my affairs. The spirit paper writes about them in great detail.

“I can use Hell Flowers to reverse Senior Huang Pang’s state and help her live again. But you two must join my immortal dao and become the great dao’s protectors in the chief worlds!”

He hadn’t initially nursed the ambition to have immortal dao take root in the chief worlds, but since Wanfeng had taken the first step, he couldn’t fall behind her.

“Immortal dao possesses its own world of sequence. It’s not necessarily weaker than the Moran dao of darkness or the dragon dao of the sea!” Lu Yun said confidently.

Chapter 1840: Spatial Tides

“We can do that.” Mo Fei nodded after momentary thought. He didn’t decline Lu Yun’s terms, nor was he surprised that the young man had any terms in mind. There was nothing apart from the major world that he and his beloved had to offer.

Lu Yun splayed his hand, manifesting a ball of black hellfire and one scarlet Hell Flower. Where hellfire burned was hell. That and one hundred and eight thousand karmic fruits would prove sufficient to resolve the resentment and fury clouding the couple, allowing them to become real living beings again.

Mo Fei had no other choice available to him; he was at the end of his rope. The moment when the Huangpang Supreme’s resentment was dispelled was the moment in which her soul would fly apart. He would also transform into a true demon king and bathe the world with blood.

After a reign of terror, he would eventually be hunted down by others and wiped out from existence. Thus, there was no reason to decline Lu Yun’s offer. Nothing mattered in the face of life and death.

“Then this junior takes my leave.” Lu Yun raised a cupped fist salute to Mo Fei and the faint figure behind him, departing from the city.

The city would return to its former glory when Mo Fei and Huang Pang came back to life. Everyone within it would be freed, including the dead Qu Cu. He would be reborn through a Hell Flower, karmic fruit, and hellfire.

With hell dao having reached great perfection and the power of reincarnation tangibly manifested, Lu Yun could utilize the strength of reincarnation in hell to revive certain dead beings.

However, there was a balance to maintain. If he dared use hell to undo that balance and resurrect those who'd died in the primordial eras, misfortune would visit him. Just as the spacetime travelers could travel through space and time as they wished, unfettered by the consequences of karma, life itself would rise against them if they dared take the law of time into their own hands.

Only with these things accomplished did a satisfied Lu Yun leave Huangpang. He was still in the form of a muscular man wielding a pair of great axes.

Flight treasures were popular among the chief worlds. One could travel between major worlds after paying a few enigma stones. However, Huangpang was a terminal station. There was no other road to its north and no other worlds. There weren't even stars. Only the ruins of the Firmament Prison were there.

The Firmament Prison was a publicly identified expanse of danger in the chief worlds. Even supremes ran a high risk of losing their lives if they ventured within. If sequence cultivators sought an adventure? They wouldn't come back.

It also possessed another name in the outside realm—the Wound of the Void.

Spatial power was complex and convoluted in the ruins, like someone had blasted a hole through space itself and stirred up its rules. It was a boundless maze that supremes would also be lost in if they encountered its most hazardous spots.

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Lu Yun leisurely made his way to the Firmament Prison riding on a kaleidoscopic cloud.

“Weird, don't they say that sequence cultivators have no chance in there? Why are people heading toward it then?” Shockingly, he saw more than one sequence cultivator on his way there. If that level of cultivator was destined to die in the ruins, there should be no sequence experts visiting it.

Were there that many people willing to risk their life for treasure?

“Yo, brother!” Lu Yun grabbed a cultivator shooting past him and hauled the stranger onto his cloud.

“Fucking bastard!” The cultivator was twenty-eight levels of sequence. He chopped his hand at Lu Yun's head when he saw that a brat of twenty-four levels had dared stop him.

Lu Yun blinked. The guy wasn't even giving him a chance to speak. From the angle and speed of his attack, the stranger wanted to take his life!

Instead of flying into a rage, Lu Yun stepped lightly to the side and easily evaded the turbulent blow. He grabbed the man's collarbone—all the latter knew was that he suddenly couldn't call upon his strength after numbness seized his body.

Aghast, the man didn't think that a mere twenty-four level sequence cultivator could incapacitate him so easily. Energy circulation within his body ground to a halt and his access to sequence was blocked.

“This is a robbery!” Lu Yun leered. “Hand over all of your enigma stones and treasures or I’ll hack you into two!”

He waved his great axes at the man’s head.

“Oh my heavens!” The man wanted to cry. He just wanted a foothold into optimal positioning before the spatial tide arrived and make preparations for the treasures to come. That was why he was in such a hurry and ready to kill someone who stood in his way.

But he turned out to be weaker than the one who interrupted him, despite having accessed more levels of sequence! Was this muscular man the genius of some great faction?

No, that couldn’t be it. After the Lifeline Talisman was rendered defunct, all of those geniuses were safely kept at home. Their factions wouldn’t let them risk their lives here.

An instance of the spatial tide was an occasion for celebration and bloody slaughter. Hundreds of millions of cultivators died each time a tide occurred, yet cultivators still happily threw themselves into it.

Spatial tides meant the opening of the Firmament Prison, an ebb and flow that washed out the sleeping treasures within. Not only did the tides bring wealth and opportunity, but even more unknown dangers came with them. Of course, most dangerous of all wasn’t the unknown, but their fellow compatriots by their side. One treasure alone could incite a gory struggle between cultivators.

No one dared show their back to anyone, unless it was someone they’d been through life and death with, or their dao partner. Thus, most of the rushing cultivators that Lu Yun saw traveled solo.

Apparently, an enigma stone the size of a fist appeared last time, causing two brothers related by blood to turn on each other and perish together.

After Lu Yun surreptitiously collected all available information from the cultivator, he sighed inwardly. Once the tide took place, the door to the Firmament Prison would close. It would be almost impossible for him to enter then.